

## NOW THE READING PEOPLE REJOICE

Reasons Why They Are Made Jollier and Better by a Close Perusal of the Journal's Colored Supplement.

Look Out for the Sunday Journal!  
Look Out for the Colored Supplement!  
Now Is the Winter of Our Discontent  
Made Summer by the Colored Supplement.

From Daniel to Beersheba, from China to Peru;  
From Painted Post to Brooklyn, from Quoogue to Baraboo;  
From Squonk to Sacacappa, from Buffalo to Kent,  
The people all are reading the Colored Supplement.

The Colored Supplement,  
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The people all are reading the Colored Supplement.

The Indian daubed with war paint  
Is yelling fiendish-lee  
For just a little more paint  
To illustrate his lies.  
The farmer, richly glowing,  
Upheaves a tender sigh,  
The while himself he's throwing  
Around a pumpkin pie.  
For Fate's most cruel ravage  
They do not care a cent;  
The farmer and the savage  
Are brimming with content.  
Because each has a copy of  
THE COLORED SUPPLEMENT.

And this is all because the Colored Supplement has raised the farmer and the Indian by the slack of the buckskins to a higher intellectual plane and given them a sense of humor that they never before enjoyed. It has also been a great educator in the sphere of journalism, many rivals, so called ironically, having learned more about the game than they ever dreamed of before. In fact, our dream of joy has proved a nickel-plated nightmare for the great wall-paper contingent, because we fit the public heart, even as the wall paper of our rivals fits the wall.

E. W. Townsend, author of "Chimble Fadden," and R. F. Outcault, the only father of the Yellow Kid, under the feast with the Horse Show in McFadden's Row of Flats. All the well-known characters that have made McFadden's Row of Flats so enjoyable to an army of readers that is ever on the increase, like a poor man's family, are to be seen at their best in tomorrow's Colored Supplement of the New York Journal. Last Wednesday was more than a million and a half copies. The Colored Supplement is, chronically speaking, a vermillionite, and yet it is included with the Sunday Magazine and the regularly ordained newspaper for the trifling sum of five cents. And the Journal is sold out so early in the morning that the man who wants it should order it to-day. The Sunday dinner is ordered on Saturday, and why shouldn't the Sunday Journal be bespoken to borrow a London lullaby phrase at the same time? The anatomy of the horse show at the McFadden Horse Show, to say nothing of the horse show, will make all horse show patrons go wild with the kind of delight that a farmer feels when he straddles a fresh pumpkin pie with his jaws and almost breaks the hinge at the base of his brain. The Ricadonna sisters grace the Horse Show at McFadden's Flats with their painted, short-skirted presence, and there is music by the band that delights the crowd with choice selections as "Sweet Anna Hold the Reins" and "How Lorna Rode Astride."

Under the head of "Polly As It Flies" will be found a variety of "serenading poems," whose sentimental liquid beauty will fill the ears of the soul with joy. Just see the yellow dog with the green tongue, and listen to him as he pants in purple and sneezes in Nile green. At first he looks like a paper mache dog, within whom a lantern is burning in order that he may see which direction he is moving in, and that he may not entangle the delicate ribbons which encircle his neck with the rosy of tomato cans that undulate so gracefully in his wagging wake.

"The Young Man from Colorado" is an account of how our old friend, Zebek Johnson, got sunstruck. This story shows Ed Mott and his hero at their very best, and that should be sufficient to whet the appetite of the most fastidious for a feast worthy of High Olympus.

"The Autumn Wind and the Poster Maid" is a comic opera song in a surging topsy-turvy nightmare of color whose glamour ripples and shifts, while it is frayed and punctured by the fingers of the sweet night wind. It is a symphony in red and a nocturne in gray; it moves and rolls in delicate unrest, until the wishful maid seems to writhe in an ecstasy of poetic yearning and despair, just because the wicked wind having glided about the gaudy poster vouchsafed to take certain liberties with her dainty draperies, which will be duly appreciated by all people who reach the news stands before 8 o'clock to-morrow, the hour at which the Journal will have taken wings unto itself and glided to the home nest, and not to the wall paper mill up the Hudson.

"A Stroll Down Broadway" is not an illustrated directory of the drinking booths of this famous thoroughfare, but a series of studies in mountain climbing in Greater New York. This will be of interest to all people who love New York and consider it the only place on the earth. Just how the mountains are climbed, and what is to be seen from them when once they are climbed, is worth the price of the Journal, which on Sunday is but 5 cents, including the magazine, and the regular newspaper which last Wednesday broke all records and the hearts of its rivals by issuing and selling an edition of more than a million and a half copies.

The "Angels" Chorus and "How the Wall Street Lunch Record Was Broken in 17.25 Seconds" are by Hy Mayer, who is equally at home when dealing with his pencil with free lunch and with the chorus of angels that usually sing with joy in the Tenderloin, and later raise their voices

**Special Notices.**  
MANY CAUSES INDUCE GRAY HAIR, BUT Parker's Hair Balm brings back the youthful color.  
Parker's Glister Tonic cures inward pains.  
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc.

**THE MAN** who has had over 20 years' experience in treating the skin is the only one to consult. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 West 42d St., New York.

In lamentation in the bosom of the Dakota blizzard.  
"The Yellow Kid," the latest and the greatest song, is so printed that it may be cut out and folded like a thirty-cent sheet of music. The song is in clear type, and is illustrated profusely with yellow kids that glimmer and gleam like so many chrysanthemums at a football match.

The Magazine is right up to the high-water-mark, as usual. Hanging a man by clockwork is a new plan for making legal executions simple and inexpensive. The Jeweller hangman, to make such a performance go off smoothly, should be sure that the clock is not too fast nor too slow, for in either event the simplicity of the execution might be marred, and that would be anything but desirable, "inasmuch as simplicity is a feature to be desired in anything from the sculptures on a wedding cake to the carving of a bull pup's ears."

Musical Dumbbells is a plea for forms of exercise that have sufficient variety to make them endurable. Indian clubs should be constructed on a similar plan, so that a man, while taking his exercise, may beat the latest comic airs, if these selections would not tend to make the exercise more arduous. People who are out of employment and cannot find anything to do, although they walk from office to office all day, will be glad to learn that there is a man who makes money by breeding spiders at home. The spider farmer in question is a Frenchman, but it is quite likely that the mysteries of this art could be mastered by any German or Russian who can raise the spiders with which to begin business. The spider farmer sits in the corner of the room and smokes, while the spiders, whether they belong to a union or not, do all the rest, even unto declaring the dividends and drawing the checks.

A system of weather signals to tell New Yorkers when to look out for sickness is a splendid idea, as well as one calculated to cut down the profits of the doctor. A flag to tell hysterical people when to keep quiet would be a great boon for nervous women, and another indicating the kind of weather that drives people to suicide would be a hint for the Central Park policemen to lie on their stomachs on the sward and keep up a watch with telescopes under the spreading yews on the lookout for him who would end himself on a misfired gray day.

A Jekyll and Hide cut with two heads, eyes and mouths, but only two ears, naturally raises the question as to whether the said cat has nine or eighteen lives. This story will delight all lovers of the marvelous, as will the account of a life blanket on wheels, for who will wonder how long the blanket can live if left to its own devices and desires, and how it can save a man's life on a cold winter's night. It wouldn't be fair to our interests to divulge right here, "A College for Servants" is a Boston idea which will surprise the average man who believes that all Boston servants are good classical scholars. These servants are "Englished" in appearance and accent, but why any more when the story appears, with all the details in the Sunday Journal, whose colored supplement is the latest, the greatest and the up-to-date thing on earth. "Sis Against Night," by the Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, deals with the corporeal chastisement of children by servants, and shows an able-bodied cook in the act of causing the epidemics of a small boy to peel gracefully from him and to curl up like a shaving or an Autumn leaf before drifting hence in the wistful zephyr.

"Sis Against Health," by Dr. George F. Shady, will fill the health crank with joy. It deals with midnight champagne and scandal, rising at noon the next day, and tells incidentally how half the life of the average woman is eaten by the dress-maker. How Christian duties are neglected and charity forgotten, are also set forth by the genial Doctor, who falls to name the patent medicine that will cure all these results of indiscretion, for the simple reason that it doesn't advertise in the Journal, whose colored supplement will take the land by storm to-morrow and be sold out by 8 o'clock.

William Dean Howells's tribute to Rudyard Kipling will prove an artistic literary treat to all people of good taste and discrimination. The article in question is a criticism on a volume of poems by Kipling, entitled "The Seven Seas," to be issued shortly by the Appletons, and a number of other notices.

**CONSULATE GENERAL OF PORTUGAL**  
AT  
NEW YORK.

Reference having been made by some daily papers of this city to a colored Portuguese girl having been assaulted and violated in Ellis Island by minor employees of the Board of Immigration, who, without name or actual whereabouts being set forth, the undersigned, in view of the publicity of the account, would like to hear at the consular office, Providence, R. I., U. S., from any person, American or foreigner, who might know something of the alleged fact and its circumstances. LUIS AUGUSTO DE MOURA PINTO DE AZEVEDO TAVEIRA, Consul-General of Portugal.

**OPIUM** and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain or restriction. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., A. C. 164½ Whitehall St.

**New Publications.**  
**OUT TO-DAY.**  
**THE PENNY MAGAZINE,**  
New York  
For November.

**FICTION NUMBER.**  
Stories, Poems, Pictures.  
A COMPLETE MAGAZINE—TWO CENTS.  
"Nothing's little that's enough."

**Religious Notices.**  
SPIRITUALISM—Berkeley Rooms, West 44th St., Carrie Twigg speaks, Monday, 7:45; Tuesday, 8:00; Wednesday, 8:00; Thursday, 8:00; Friday, 8:00; Saturday, 8:00; Sunday, 8:00.

**THE PENNY COMPANY,**  
150 Nassau St., New York.

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ber of the songs are quoted in full, and are such as cannot fail to cause the lover and student of modern verse an idea of the quality of the nobility of the living high priests of English song.

Marie Correll's latest sex problem novel will be of absorbing interest to all people who make a practice of going out with a dog and gun to hunt this sort of thing. How the high-foller of to-day goes the Tenderloin pace is an article that will hold the reader as in a grip of iron from the drop of the hat. It is profusely illustrated by the Holbein of the Tenderloin fairyland, Archie Gunn, which is saying enough to make the magazine supplement a howling success.

"Alan Dale and the Eight Pretty Chorus Girls" reads like an Arabian romance by Lord Byron or Tom Moore, because it is a prose-poem that will be read by every woman who is fond of the sort of thing that colors this bizarre, or, if you will, rocco aquarelle of romantic love. "How the Deaf Can Enjoy Grand Opera and Listen to a German Band" proves also how they can't enjoy comic opera nor listen to a Siberian orchestra. "How Our Thoughts May Be Photographed" is an article which shows the characters made upon the camera by one's emotions. The yearning for a new hat by a woman, or any other divine yearning of woman may now be photographed until it stands out as prominently as a wen on an agriculturist's neck. A glowing and picturesque account of how Anna Held takes a milk bath will send a thrill of joy through the bald-headed man who sits in the first row, as well as through the man with a full head of hair who stands out at the back door and sighs like a hot-air furnace, to borrow a Shakespearean comparison.

Order the Journal to-day, and you will enjoy it to-morrow. It will be sold out as usual before 8 a. m., and a word to the wise is sufficient. Paste this in your hat, and if you should forget to order the Journal to-day, paste it on your alarm clock and set it, as you would a Shanghai hen, for 5 a. m. to-morrow. It is the latest, the greatest and the up-to-date, and the price is only five cents.

**B. K. MUNKITTRICK.**  
**Cannals to Close December 1.**  
Albany, Nov. 6.—Superintendent Aldridge, of the State Department of Public Works, has issued an order for the closing of the canals of the State at noon on Tuesday, December 1.

**Business Notices.**

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.

The fact is  
signature of  
It is on every  
bottle.

**Deaths.**  
**E. & W.**  
A NEW COLLAR.

**Personal.**  
**CHARLEY**—Guess on the weight of the big dummy bottles in the drug store windows. I want a dozen Faber's Best Tonic. **CLARA.**  
**DIVORCE** legally and quickly obtained without publicity. This or other States, prompt assistance in all difficulties; separation, non-support, damages, claims of every nature; family or business troubles quietly arranged; all matters strictly confidential; reliable advice free. **213 WEST KENNETH**—Call on me to-morrow after 12, at 5th Ave., store, Paul Rector.

**HILL'S RHEUMATISM AND GOUT CURE.** Give me a bottle cure you. **HILL MEDICINE CO.** 36 East 19th St., New York City. Send for circular.

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**HOW LUNG DISEASES ARE NOW TREATED.**  
**GREAT SUCCESS OF ANTISEPTIC AIR INHALATIONS.**  
**A CLOUD OF WITNESSES BEAR TESTIMONY TO THEIR CURE.**  
(Extracts from Dr. Hunter's Lectures.)

Having already explained what consumption really is, how it arises, in what way it can be prevented and why it has always proved fatal under treatment by the stomach and the various hypodermic nostrums, "KROCHER'S LUNG CURE," "Edwards' Asputol," "GOAT'S BLOOD," "Asses' Serum" and other animal and chemical poisons, all of which have been relegated to oblivion as dangerous fads of Modern Empiricism, I have now to tell you WHAT WILL SUCCEED, and to prove to you that IT IS SUCCESSFUL in innumerable cases, even after all other means have been tried in vain.

With the guiding light of past experience before him, no reputable specialist in lung diseases can see either science or sense in treating any disease of the lungs, whether it be Tuberculosis, Bronchitis, Asthma or Chronic Pneumonia, without direct applications to the diseased parts. Medicated air breathed into the lungs goes to the root of the disease, and is the only hope. We have now germicidal inhalants which kill and drive out the bacilli of tuberculosis, and we have antiseptics and healing inhalants which cure Bronchitis, Asthma and all the catarrhal inflammations of the air passages and lungs. By inhalation as certainly as a SORE EYE or SORE THROAT is cured by direct applications to those parts.

The people, I know, are unlearned in the science of medicine, science, and cannot be expected to decide on the truth or fallacy of medical doctrines. But no person of ordinary intelligence can fail to understand and rightly estimate the value of plain, naked facts. Everything in life that is true and valuable to mankind rests upon facts. A cloud of grateful witnesses from every State in the Union proclaim that they were sick and in danger of their lives by lung diseases, that they could find no help or hope of cure from other treatment; that they were finally led by reports of its great success to try my treatment of antiseptic air inhalations, and were cured by it after everything else had been tried and failed.

Mr. C. P. Mendenhall, of Harper Bros., says: "I was attacked with the grippe, which affected my lungs. I was so broken down that I could not walk without being exhausted. I was for a year and four months away from my business, and could do nothing until I found Dr. Hunter's treatment. I am now sound and well."

Mr. Lambert Miller, of H. B. Claffin Co., says: "After much suffering from lung disease, and the failure of all other treatment, including change of air, to help me, I heard of Dr. Hunter's method of cure, and by it am a well man again."

Mr. Lydell Whitehead, of Whitehead Bros., No. 517 West Fifteenth street, says: "I was a very sick man. I took cold, and it settled on my chest, had a bad cough, pains in my chest, shortness of breath and loss of flesh. I went to California, thinking a change of air and climate might help me, but I came back no better. I then applied to Dr. Hunter, and was cured. I gained thirty-five pounds under his treatment, and feel 400 per cent better for it."

Mr. A. L. Peir, of No. 179 Washington street, Newark, N. J., says: "My trouble began with spitting of blood. I had 27 hemorrhages in a short time, and became terribly emaciated, losing forty pounds in weight; was unable to leave my bed for weeks, and felt that I could give no little encouragement, and it seemed I must die. I was in this condition when I applied to Dr. Hunter. I began to improve from the start, and my breathing became free. Hemorrhages ceased, gained in flesh and strength, and to the surprise of my former physicians in a few weeks was able to leave my bed and visit Dr. Hunter in New York. I gained thirty-four and a half pounds, and feel that Dr. Hunter's treatment saved my life."

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(Cases to be continued.)

No such cures as the above were ever before made in these diseases. This common-sense treatment is really the only rational application of medicine possible in lung complaints. The remedy can be obtained by patients in their own homes, but it is better, now that we have a grand sanitarium, affording the additional benefits of change of air, uniform temperature and persons of medical supervision at all times, to go there, if possible. In this magnificent Winter home we have accommodations for 300 guests, where patients can have all hotel comforts, and need not be separated from their relatives and friends. It is founded for the CURE of lung complaints, and no incurable cases or last stages of consumption will be received.

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Corner Broadway and Canal Street,  
265-267 Broadway, below Chambers St.  
Open this Evening.

**DON'T HAVE A PAIN!**  
USE  
The Great Pain Reliever,  
**DR. TOBIAS' Venetian Liniment**

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pains in the Limbs, Back or Chest, Sore Throat, Colds or Hoarseness, Pain of any kind, it cannot be equalled. Price 25 and 50 cts. Sold by all Druggists.

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221 SIXTH AVE.,  
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887 EIGHTH AVE.

THIS IS WHERE YOU GET YOUR DENTISTRY DONE WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST PAIN. ART BRUSHES AND RUBBERS. TEETH WITHOUT PLATES. \$5.00; GOLD CROWNS, 25 KARB. \$3.00 TO \$6.00; GOLD FILLINGS, \$1.00 A PIECE. \$2.00; ELSEWHERE \$3.00. WITH EXTRACTION WITHOUT PAIN FREE.

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**The BRADFORD**

A NEW SHOE.  
COMPARE IT WITH HIGH PRICED SHOES.  
REMEMBER THE NAME AND THE CLAIM  
The Latest, Handsomest, Best

Sold only at  
**\$3.00 SHOE**

**THE BRADFORD SHOE STORE,**  
40 Park Row, Times Building.

**YOU KNOW**  
Nothing about the trade stock of descriptive terms, and if you did, salesmen fib. You know that a shoe seems cheap or dear; shapely or unshapely, and that it fits, or hurts your foot; you take the rest on trust. Here is a shoe that is meant to be and to stay shapely, to fit at the start and to wear long, and to cost as little as a respectable shoe can cost.

**ECONOMICAL**  
men are going to find the BRADFORD satisfactory footwear.

**Amusements.**  
**Knickerbocker Theatre**  
Broadway and 38th St.  
AL HAYMAN, CO. Proprietors.  
Last Matinee. Last Night.  
CROWDED ALL THE TIME.  
**FRANCIS WILSON**  
In his great comic opera success,  
**HALF A KING.**  
NEXT MONDAY  
The following London success.  
**THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.**  
In its second year at the Lyric Theatre, London. Written by William Barrie.

**Grand Opening.**  
**ICE SKATING PALACE.**  
TO-NIGHT AT 8 P. M.  
LEX. AVE. & 10TH ST.  
MINICAN NATIONAL EXPOSITION. Open from 11 a. m. to 12 p. m. in Casino Building, Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Admission 25c.

**Amusements.**  
**OLYMPIA THEATRE**  
Broadway and 44th St.  
GREAT **SANTA MARIA** SUCCESS.  
Book made by OLYMPIA THEATRE.  
**CAMILLE D'ARVILLE.**  
Marie Halton, Julius Steger, James T. Powers and Lucille Saunders.  
**OLYMPIA WINTER GARDEN.** GREAT GLASS.  
Flowers, Tramps of Academics, the Great Hangers, Beautiful Alexandra Marries, Pauline the Pantomime, Amami, At 11 o'clock a BAL. CHAMPAGNE. In the evening, the famous Quadrille of Paris dancers and the Whitehead of the Forests.  
**OLYMPIA AUDITORIUM.** MATINEE TO-DAY.  
**EVANGELINE**  
brought strictly up to date by **RIE'S** in **ALBUQUERQUE**.  
Led by Henry E. Dwyer, Miss Theresa Vaughn, George Fortenque and Fred Solomon.  
Matinee to-day and evening will be the last two performances at Hammerstein's of "Evangeline." Mr. Rie has found it possible to cast his estimate on a Broadway VILLAGE CONCERT, OLYMPIA WINTER GARDEN.

**Amusements.**  
**ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**  
E. G. Gilmore, Eugene Tompkins, Proprietors.  
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NEW IMPERIAL OPERA CO. LT.  
GRAND MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2.  
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Bonaparte. . . . . Paris.  
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Popular Prices.  
Debut of Miss Susan Strong, Monday, Nov. 8, at 8 P. M.  
FAUST.  
Faust, Sig. Handaquo; Mephistopheles, Sig. Dido; Sigmund, Sig. Dido; Marguerite, Miss. van Strong. Their first appearance.  
In consequence of the success of Miss. Huguet last evening the opera of a Bonaparte will be repeated on Wednesday next. Production of Andrea Chénier on Friday next, November 15. GRAND MATINEE TO-DAY, November 15.

**Amusements.**  
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